

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Comper.*

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## Our Dumb Animals.

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### Bleeding Calves.

"This is beautiful veal," says Mrs. Housekeeper, as she scans the very white veal meat displayed; "it is so white and so nice."

Yes, it is white. It is more than white, if you come to examine it closely. It is of a sickly, pallid color, and might be anything but wholesome.

We are not here considering extremely infantile veal, but veal which has reached a maturity that fits it for food. The popular taste—vitiated in this instance—calls for white veal. Why it calls for white veal is not easily explained, except that white veal looks so much "nicer" than florid veal. And yet if it were more generally understood that the white meat was not as wholesome or nutritious as the other, the popular taste might change. Perhaps if we explained how the whiteness was produced, our readers might look at the matter in a more sensible, if not a more humane, light. In a word, then, white veal is the result of one of the most infernal systems of cruelty ever practiced by man upon animals—it is an effect of bleeding the

animal to death by a slow and gradual process. The drover or butcher carries with him, as an attachment to his pocket-knife, a blade with a sharp point or protuberance called a fleam. With this he wounds the calf in the neck, generally cutting some small blood-vessel, so that the flow of blood shall be gradual, and that the incidental activity of the animal on its way to market shall keep up this outflow of the life-current. As a result, the poor creature weakens and languishes, and when the time comes for butchering there is usually but a very small quantity of blood to be found in the arteries. The prime desire in this wanton and heartless work is accomplished, however. The veal is very white and nice-looking, but we doubt if it be very wholesome. Indeed, in the very nature of things, it cannot be as wholesome or nutritious as the product of the healthy animal which had been deprived of life without lingering pain or torture. White veal is the product of an animal whose vitality had been drained from it; therefore it is a meat with little vitality in it.

Who is to blame for this? Butchers and drovers are like other men. They are not necessarily cruel to animals by their profession, but they are induced to do things to please the public which no doubt they would not otherwise dream of doing. And this system of gradual and torturing phlebotomy is one of them.

The public, then, are to blame, or, rather, that false desire for appearances which induces people to look for qualities and conditions they know nothing of. The Western or Southern farmer may fry his beefsteak in a pan, in pork fat, never caring about or wishing for the more wholesome method of broiling the same. In this and many other ways ignorance of some of the simplest laws of the chemistry of the human stomach entails upon humanity many of its primary and most serious ills, giving a large field to quackery and the industry of medical mountebanks.

Of late the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken this matter of slow bleeding to death of calves in hand, and has instituted proceedings against some of the butchers who have been guilty of the bleeding practice. But the law ought to enable the officers of this society to go a step further towards the prevention of this cruel practice, and this would be to have the sale of "white veal" prohibited under a heavy penalty. This would no doubt help to put a stop to a practice which is not only barbarous in itself, but disgraceful to our civilization.—*Boston Herald.*

### Valuable Dogs in England.

The published report of the grand national exhibition of sporting and other dogs at the Crystal Palace, on the first four days of June of this year, is a singular document, some features of which will be strange reading to my American friends. Among the bloodhounds which belong to the first class, the price of the dog called "Rival," three years and nine months old, was £500 (\$2,500), and that of "Rolla," one year and eleven months old, 500 guineas. Among the mastiffs, the price of the "Champion Turk," owned by Rev. J. W. Mellor, seven years and three months old, the dog that has won more than thirty first prizes and cups, and is of immense size, is £5,000 (\$25,000), while that of the mastiff named "Granby," owned by Mr. A. S. D. Fivas, which won the first medals for 1874 at the Crystal Palace, for the same year at Northampton, and for the year 1873-74 at Portsmouth, an animal nearly as large as a lion, is £10,000 sterling, or \$50,000! The price of the mastiff known as "Duchess" is £1,000 sterling, while in a list of 171 of the same breed there are four at £1,000, six at £500, two at £300, six at £250, nine at £100, ten at £50, and the remainder varying in price from £20 to £5. Some of the mastiff puppies commanded prices ranging from £100 to £25. Several of the St. Bernard rough-coat dogs were held at £2,000 apiece, one at £1,000, and a number more from £300 to £20. The St. Bernard puppies brought from 20 guineas down to 10. One Newfoundland dog brought £1,000, one £500, and some £100, and several as low as £20. The prices of the deerhounds ranged from £500 to £100. Of the greyhounds, "St. Patrick" and "Warwick" were each held at £5,000, and "Lauderdale," "Queen Bertha," and "Bit of Fun," at £1,000 each; "Black Beauty" at £500. Ten of the pointers brought £1,000 each, a number £500, and others £100 and £50. Among the setters I counted a large number held at £1,000 each, and one, the property of Mr. P. B. Stone, M. D., aged five years, was labelled £10,000 sterling. I counted six retrievers at £1,000 each, and very many from £500 to £150. Among the Irish water-spaniels, Mr. N. Morton's "Shamrock" was held at £1,000, the others at prices ranging from £100 to £50. Six of the spaniels were labelled £1,000 each, two or three £500, and a large variety from £500 to £200. Ten pounds were regarded as a very reasonable charge. There were two hounds at £500 each. The beagles, not exceeding fifteen inches high,

ranged from £100 to £20. There were nearly 200 fox-terriers, held at extraordinary rates, at least half a dozen at £1,000, and about twenty at £500, the others ranging from £100 to £50, £20, £10, and £5. The sheep-dogs were also very high, a dozen commanding £1,000 each, and others £500, very few running as low as £20. A Dalmatian, belonging to Mr. R. J. L. Price, known as "Crib," nine years old, was held at £10,000 sterling! Another, owned by Miss Julia Burney, called "Sancho," three years and five months old, price £600. The bull-dogs ranged from £250 to £25. One bull terrier, "Young Puss," was held at £1,000 sterling; another, belonging to the same owner, W. Grant Rawes, at the same price. This seemed to be a favorite breed. Many commanded £100 each, and a few ran as low as £5. Black-and-tan terriers exceeding fourteen pounds' weight commanded £100 each, very few as low as £5. One of the drop-eared blue *Skye terriers*, named "Sam," belonging to Mr. J. W. Berry, was held at £10,000 sterling! There was a Dandy Dimmont terrier, called "Topey," price £1,000, and another called "Macbeth," price £500—general rates from £50 to £5. A Yorkshire terrier, called "Mozart," belonging to Miss H. Alderson, price £1,000. The Bedlington terriers commanded from £100 to £5; of one species called "Dachshund," black-and-tan, three commanded £1,000, and the rest ran from £100 down to £5. There was a white Pomeranian, six months old, named "Tory," price £1,000. The pug dogs were held at from £1,000; "Tomahawk," belonging to Mrs. Gilpin, at £500; several at £100, and a number at from £60 to £10. One of these pugs, belonging to Mr. A. Doveton Clarke, named "Chung," six years and eight months old, was held at £10,000 sterling. Maltese dogs, several at £100, two at £50, three at £20. King Charles spaniels, from £100 to £10. Italian greyhounds, £200, £115, and £50 pounds each. Toy terriers, smooth haired, not exceeding five pounds weight, commanded as high as from £300 to £200 apiece, some £100, and a large number £50, £30, and £20. The sporting puppies were held at a charge of about £5 each; non-sporting puppies, 20 guineas, 10 guineas, and 5 guineas. An immense assortment of harriers were exhibited, but were so valuable as not to be offered for sale. I notice that many of these were owned by clergymen. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and most of the nobility, figured largely in the catalogue as chief owners.—*Col. Forney's letters from England.*

#### Whistling Men are Kind to Animals.

An old farmer once said to us that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. Said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the nuts on his plough were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, nor drive her on a run into a stable. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and shed gathered around him as he whistled, without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

A MYSTERIOUS and fatal disease has broken out among the horses of the General Omnibus Company of London. The mouth of the animal becomes white, severe gripings follow, the spine and brain become inflamed, a sort of delirium ensues, and the victim falls down and dies. On some of the routes the trips have been reduced more than one-half.

WE hate some persons because we do not know them, and we will not know them because we hate them.

#### In His Place.

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,  
And break, unthanked of man, the stubborn clod!  
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,  
Dear are the hills of God.

Far better, in its place, the lowliest bird  
Should sing aright to him the lowliest song,  
Than that a scraph strayed should take the word,  
And sing his glory wrong.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

#### Horses.

When I arrived here, the first thing that surprised me in the camp was Englishmen leaving their horses saddled and bridled for many hours, and often even the whole day, in the broiling sun, and without water or food. On asking them how it was so, I got the answer that the horses were accustomed to such treatment, and that before I was long in the country I also would do likewise; but though I have been nearly twelve years here, I have never done so. The first thing I do after arriving anywhere is, before entering the house or seeing after any work, to take off the saddle and bridle, rub the horse's back, and give him something to eat, as well as a few caresses; then, after a little while, when he has got cooled, give him some water: this has always been my plan, whether with one of my own property or another's. Among some riding-horses I had for the servants there was one that they always complained of, and said no matter how much they beat him he would do no more than walk, and would often kick. Well, I thought I would try him; so I took the horse, and without any preparatory training put him in a gig, and on the instant, after caressing him, he went off just as if he had been accustomed all his life to it; he went splendidly in it. I used him constantly—never carried a whip with him; but no one except myself could drive him or make him move one yard in it. The secret was, the horse had been hardened with ill-treatment, and his first and last experience with me was words and caresses instead of blows and curscs. Horses are intelligent animals, and when required to increase their speed or put forth their utmost strength, will obey words much readier than blows, I scarcely ever carry a whip, as I find speaking to any reasonable animal answers the purpose better. When riding a distance, I now and then give the animal rest and refreshment—a custom quite unknown to the natives.—*Argentine Republic.*

AN ORIENTAL correspondent of a London journal says he once saw a monkey holding a snake by the throat and rubbing its head in the dirt, but as the ground was moist and damp the snake was not readily killed by this mode of punishment. Every now and then the monkey would look most knowingly in the face of the reptile to see if it was dead, and in the course of one of these investigations the monkey received a severe bite. This angered him and he speedily despatched the snake, but its coils had hardly relaxed before the monkey reeled and fell prostrate, and apparently in all the agonies of death by poison. By this time an aged-looking monkey arrived on the scene, and after examining the bodies of the snake and its victim, he immediately started for some neighboring bushes, where he collected some leaves of the plant known as the red cherchita. These he rapidly and skillfully fashioned into a sort of pill, which he administered to his snake-bitten companion, who speedily revived and walked off with his physician.

AMOS EMERSON, of Worcester, is raising chickens in a novel manner. Finding a partridge's nest last spring, he removed the eggs and replaced them with the eggs of a bantam hen, and has now twelve chickens following the partridge. They roost regularly near the place of hatching.

#### "Tom."

Plain Tom. It might have been more than Tom once, when he was a babe, and had a father and mother, some one to care for him, even if they had but little love for him. After they died, after he was turned out on the wide world to fight his own way, to hunger for food, to yearn for sympathy and kind words, his name was "Tom." It was name enough for a waif—a ragged, hungry boy, who received more kicks than pennies, and who used to sit on the post-office steps and try to remember when any one had spoken a kind word to him.

The boy sometimes wondered and pondered over the words "sympathy," "mercy," and "charity." He heard people use them—the same people who cuffed him about and were content to see him in rags. He thought the words must mean something way off—something he could not grasp then, but might approach when he had grown to man's estate. If Tom's voice had sadness and sorrow in it as he cried "shine!" or if it had exultation as he shouted "morning papers!" no one in the busy throng seemed to notice or care. He realized that he was standing up single-handed to battle against a great world, and sometimes, when the world struck him down, the boy crept away into an alley to sorrow and grieve that he had ever been born.

They found a bundle of rags in a public hallway yesterday morning. The old janitor pushed at the bundle with his broom and growled and muttered over its being left there by some vagrant. The bundle of rags was Tom. The janitor bent over him and pushed at him again, and called to him to rise up and go about his business, but the bundle did not move. Tom was dead. One arm was thrown around his boot-box, that it might not be stolen while he slumbered—the other rested on his breast, fingers tightly clinched, as if death had come while the boy was resolving to carry on the unequal battle against poverty and a cold world to the bitter end.

There should have been sadness in the hearts of those who lifted up the body and sent it away to be buried in Potter's field, but there was not. They were men, to be sure; but they could not understand how it made any difference to the world whether it had one waif more or less. They couldn't feel the heartaches which Tom had felt—his desperation, his grim despair, his bitter, crushing, every-day sorrows. They could have at least uncovered their heads as the body was lifted up, and said to each other, "He was brave to fight such a battle." But they did not. There would have been no word, no eulogy, had not another waif passed the door by chance. He saw the body, recognized it, and as he let his box fall to the flags that he might brush a tear from his eye, he whispered—

"If there are angels, I know that Tom'll see 'em!"

And no man shall dare to take from or add to the simple, tearful eulogy. There will be a shallow grave, which will soon sink out of sight and memory, and scarce a month will pass away before even the lad's name will be forgotten by the world—the world which prides itself on its charity and mercy, and which let poor Tom stand up alone in his battle for food and raiment and a place to rest his feet; let him creep off to die alone in the shadows of midnight, feeling in his young heart that every man's hand was against him, because he was a waif, a ragged, hungering orphan.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AMID the objurgations of infuriated draymen, the wild anathemas of exasperated 'bus drivers, and the half-smothered oaths of reluctant policemen, the benevolent and intrepid Bergh moves like a Daniel in the lions' den. To see him thus harassed, insulted and threatened, and at the same time fulfilling the noble task he has set before him, with a temper as serene as the blue sky above him, and a dignity as simple as it is grand, is a spectacle full of inspiration.—*Exchange.*



[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*He Understood the Conversation.*

I inclose my name and address as a voucher to the truth of the following story:—

Mac is a black-and-tan terrier, about thirteen years old, and has been in possession of his present owner since his birth. He is a dog of remarkable intelligence, and in his younger days was possessed of a great deal of beauty, and even at the present time has no mean pretensions to that quality.

I do not say this aloud, as he lies at my feet as I write, and would be almost sure to understand what I say, thereby inclining him to vanity and high notions of himself.

Mac is in the habit of visiting, several times daily, the house of Mr. L., a near relation of his master, and sometimes he remains nearly the whole day, lying on the rug, looking out of the window, and often apparently listening to whatever conversation may be going on.

On a cold winter morning, two or three years since, while Mac was making one of these visits, Mr. L. was endeavoring to persuade his wife to visit an invalid sister who lived in a town some twenty miles distant, and also to spend the night, a thing which she had hardly done during many years of her married life.

On this account, Mrs. L. objected to the plan, as it would leave Mr. L. alone in the house, excepting the domestics.

Much discussion ensued on the subject, and finally Mrs. L. reluctantly consented to go, and it was arranged that Mr. L. should dine and spend a part of the evening with his son, Mac's owner.

The plans for the day were duly carried out; Mrs. L. went to —, and Mr. L. dined as agreed at his son's.

At the dinner-table, Mr. L. was urged to take Mac home with him for the night as a companion, but he declined the offer, and when he arose to go in the evening, Mac attempted to accompany him, but was prevented by his master.

About two o'clock in the morning, one of the coldest of the year, Mr. L. was awakened by a terrible howling at his front door.

No notice of the outcry was taken for a long time, until it was made evident that the whole neighborhood would be aroused, when Mr. L. descended, and on opening the door, Mac rushed in and disappeared in the darkness.

It was some time before he could be found, but was at last discovered snugly ensconced among the blankets on the bed just vacated.

It appears that Mac had been restless and uneasy the whole evening, and had not been able to leave the house until near two o'clock, when he made such a disturbance, that his master was compelled to let him go.

As the dog has never come to the house at untoward hours since, and had never done so before, and as this was the only night that Mrs. L. had been absent from her family for many years, the visit could hardly have been a mere coincidence, and it seems as if he had listened and understood the morning conversation, and had determined that his friend Mr. L., with whom he had established a great intimacy by means of long daily walks together, should not suffer from loneliness.

ARNOLD.

BOSTON, Aug. 26, 1875.

TRUE friendship keeps no profit-and-loss account, posts no ledgers, strikes no daily balances, but takes gratitude for granted, and regards affection as always solvent. It has no clearing-house, gives no notes of hand, carries on no brokerage of attachment, makes no bargains in this commerce of the affections. With it "yours truly" goes a great way, and certainly, worn threadbare as they are by incessant use, no words have a stouter body of significance left in them.—*New York Tribune.*

WHAT God gives men as stepping-stones, they often make into stumbling-blocks

*Caged.*

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

You think he sings a gladsome song!

Ah, well, he *sings!* but only see

How oft on glossy neck and breast

His bright head droops despondingly;

Or note the restless, eager bird

When a free minstrel's voice is heard.

You think, because he pecks his grain

With vigorous mien and active bill,

This long captivity has trained

To tame content his roving will.

But watch as some wild pinion flies,

Flashed near his cage, from summer skies:

He lifts his crest, his eyes dilate

To yearning orbs of passionate fire;

His whole small body seems to thrill

And vibrate to the heart's desire:

The deathless wish once more to roam

The broad blue heaven God made his home.

Mark, next, the weary pant, the sigh

Of hope deferred, that follows then;

Pernance your captive's pain is deep

As that which haunts imprisoned *men*,

Pining behind their cruel bars

For sunlight or the holy stars.

Come! ope the door! he owns a soul

As tender, sensitive, and fine

As yours or mine, for aught we know,

And dowered with rights scarce less divine:

Come! let him choose, at least, between

God's azure and yon gilded screen!

Freed! yet he flies not! Wait! his brain

Is dazed! he comprehends not yet

How earnest is your proffered boon,—

How surely his the glorious debt

Of Freedom and all freeborn things;

Wait!—ha! he prunes his doubtful wings,

Hops perch by perch to gain the door;

Then, as if first conviction came,

Full-faced, and whispered, "*Thou art free!*"

He darts without, a winged flame,

And soon from far, fair cloudland floats

The rapture of his grateful notes!

—Independent.

*The Sparrow.*

A sparrow lighted chirping on a spray

Close to my window, as I knelt in prayer,

Bowed by a heavy load of anxious care;

The morn was bitter, but the bird was gay,

And seemed by cheery look and chirp to say—

"What though the snow conceals my wonted fare,

Nor have I barn or storehouse anywhere,

Yet I trust Heaven e'en on a winter's day."

That little bird came like a winged text,

Fluttering from out God's Word to soothe my breast:

What though my life with wintry cares be vexed!

On a kind Father's watchful love I rest;

He meets this moment's need, I leave the next,

And, always trusting, shall be always blest!

—REV. RICHARD WILTON.

*High and Dry.*

A few days ago Butcher Robinson's large Newfoundland dog cooled himself in the canal, and after swimming far away from his point of entrance, he tried to get out where the wall was high up from the water. He made many ineffectual attempts to do it, and failed. Gov. Smyth's shepherd dog saw his difficulty, ran about to get assistance, but none coming, when the big water-dog put up his paws to make one more effort to get out, the knowing Scotch colly grabbed him by the neck as one grabs a brother by the hand to help him out or over a difficult place, and he was landed high, if not dry, much to the joy of both.—*Manchester (N. Y.) Bulletin.*

*My Humming-Bird.*

Friends pass along the quiet street and linger at the gate to say, "Come down to the beach with us." "Nay," I respond, "I have a caller coming by and by that I do not care to miss." Stay with me, dear friend and reader, and you, too, shall enjoy the society of my caller. But it is vain to watch for his coming, for though we watch never so long and patiently, some interesting paragraph in the "Transcript" will be sure to have attracted our eyes for a minute, when, lo! with a sudden whir of wings he is here—my humming-bird—our humming-bird—hovering about the honeysuckle. The dainty, delicate bill sips honey from flower after flower, as poised on swiftly-rotating and half-transparent wings our charming little visitor moves from point to point with the very poetry and grace of motion. We watch it with bated breath, not daring to stir even to lay down the paper in hand, lest we should frighten him away ere his repast is over. And so he sips his fill from the honey bells, and suddenly we hear again the sibilant whir of wings, and with a single arrowy flight our humming-bird has vanished as suddenly as he came. The event of the evening is over. The caller we waited for has come and gone. Is it a customary thing for him to come, do you ask? Yes, he has come to sup from this honeysuckle for twenty-three nights in succession. . . . There came one or two chilly evenings in mid August when we found warm wraps comfortable as we sat to watch for his coming. He failed to appear. Then came the perfect evenings of later August, but we waited and watched in vain for our winsome little visitor. He came not. He comes no more. Who can tell us where our humming-bird has gone?—G. in "*Boston Transcript.*"

*"My Humming-Bird."*

To the Editor of the "Transcript."

In your issue of the 4th, "G" inquires for "My Humming-bird." I shall not claim that the bird is here, but I want to relate an interesting incident of a humming-bird. A few days ago, while strolling in the woods between here and Littleton with some fellow-sufferers from hay fever, a beautiful humming-bird attempted to extract sweetness from the artificial flowers on my wife's hat. The bird did not seem to be disturbed by the exclamations of our astonished party, but presented his bill to every flower upon the hat before leaving. I think the manufacturer of the flowers may be congratulated upon possessing a skill capable of deceiving a humming-bird. F.

BETHLEHEM, Sept. 8, 1875.

*Don't be too Sensitive.*

There are people—yes, many people—always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without finding that some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. If they meet an acquaintance who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fruit of their irritability. Indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or momentary taciturnity, mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose that a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly; if, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being "touchy," and everybody is under restraint, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offence are vastly increased.

THE voice of humility is God's music.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, October, 1875.

*Personal Trouble.*

The Belfast (Ireland) Society "earnestly implores humane individuals not to be deterred from interference by a little *personal trouble*."

We often meet with this difficulty in our efforts. Many men say, "I would have complained of my cruel neighbor, but I am afraid I should be summoned as a witness, or I might lose his good-will."

And so the animal is allowed to suffer week after week, and the neighbors wonder "why 'the society' don't do something about it." The eyes of our agents cannot be everywhere, and much cruelty must go unpunished if friends are not willing to take a little "personal trouble."

*Winter is Coming.*

Are your barns properly repaired, so that your animals will not suffer? Have you suitable blankets and bedding for horses and cattle? Are your barn-yards dry, and with proper provision for watering your stock? Do not wait till the storms come on before considering these things.

*Mr. Angell's Lecturing Tour.*

Our president has combined work with pleasure during his vacation, and has lectured on "The Relations of Men to Animals" at Bethlehem, N. H., Sept. 13; at Littleton, N. H., Sept. 19; at Lancaster, N. H., Sept. 20 and 26, and is to lecture before the students of Dartmouth College, Oct. 4; Amherst College, Oct. 6; Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, Oct. 7; and Williams College, Oct. 10. Some of these addresses have been on the Sabbath, when the different churches have united in the meeting. The clergymen of the different sects seem to realize that this subject is one upon which there need be no division, and it is a gratifying indication of progress when a subject which appeals to our humanity can induce men to lay aside their differences of opinion on vital questions.

*A Monument Which is a Perpetual Blessing.*

"Some friends of the late Daniel Joseph Joffe, of Belfast, have erected to his memory a very handsome canopied memorial drinking-fountain, in Police Square, and have handed the fountain over to the society for public use. The Belfast water commissioners generously granted a free supply of water to the fountain."—*Report of the Belfast (Ireland) Society.*

Some of our friends are erecting like monuments for themselves, by establishing drinking-fountains in Boston and vicinity, and in country towns. In some things, it is well for men and women to be "their own executors."

"Touched with the feeling of His creatures' grief,  
The mighty Maker listens to their groaning;  
Shall we deny them water for relief,  
And man alone be heedless of their moaning?"

*Preparing the Way.*

A venerable lady in England, deeply interested in our subject, thus writes:—

"I consider this one of the most important works of the present day, for what can be more demoralizing than cruelty to God's dumb creatures which cannot tell their woes; and by seeking to make men kind, we are preparing the way for the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

*An Excellent Example.*

The society in Belfast, Ireland, for several years has subscribed for two hundred copies per month of the "Animal World," a paper kindred to ours, which they regularly distribute among a large number of schools. If the societies in the United States and Canada should follow this example, they would help to make the papers self-supporting, and, at the same time, extend the influence of their societies into many families. This would help to educate the rising generation into sympathy for animals, and into an appreciation of their rights, and thus prepare men and women for successors to the present supporters of their several organizations.

*Will Cows Feed in a Pasture at Night?*

A writer in a previous number of our paper, in speaking of the annoyance which cows suffer from flies, says:—

"Instead of turning them out late in the morning, and bringing them up early in the evening, could we not turn them to pasture in the evening, and bring them up in the morning, and let them stand or lie in cool, dark stables in the heat of the day?"

A writer in an agricultural paper, in noticing the article, says:—

"If the writer of the above would suggest any way of inducing the cow to eat in the night, instead of the day, when at pasture, it might be worth while to keep her in the stable in the daytime and turn her out at night. But if she is to lose her food thereby, to a considerable extent, the kindness is not so apparent."

The question is, *Will a cow eat at night, in the pasture, if not fed in the stable during the day?*

*The Epizootic.*

This disease is prevailing again, but, so far, in a much milder form than heretofore, with few fatal cases. It seems to affect all classes of horses, but submits to treatment. It behooves us to look well to the treatment of our animals, to the condition of our stables, to avoid unnecessary exposure.

In speaking of the epizootic of 1872, an experienced writer says:—

"At first the disease was mostly limited to low-bred horses, which are generally badly used and more or less worn out, and all of which are kept in stables where hygienic measures are very deficient; where light and ventilation are imperfect, and in stables situated on low, marshy grounds."

This does not apply this year, and yet the best care will alleviate the disease, if it do not prevent it.

*Improved Slaughtering.*

Some parties at the Brighton abattoir have adopted the practice of shooting Texan cattle, thus doing away with the old barbarism incident to their slaughter. It may lead to a complete revolution in the killing of all cattle.

WILL teachers and children read the circular on page 39 in regard to Boys' Societies in Schools, and see if Massachusetts cannot imitate Pennsylvania?

PARROTS.—A correspondent says: "A parrot never strips off its feathers except to bite the ends, because he hankers for meat. He is partially carnivorous."

*The New Gospel of Humanity.*

BY REV. DR. E. H. SEARS.

In the Oriental superstitions there was often an infusion of mercy, and they were permitted because they brought animals and birds, and insects even, into tender sympathy with humanity, as if they were a part of it.

The doctrine of transmigration taught that human souls had become incarnate in the bodies of animals, where they were doing penance for their former sins, and so the Brahmin hears from out these animal natures muffled human voices, and sees human eyes, as it were, looking up and pleading for sympathy and protection. It was a heathen superstition with a half truth in it, and this half truth has done in pagan lands what the Christian whole truth should have done long ago in ours; for it should have made the brute creation so far forth the partakers in the human redemption as to banish all needless suffering, down even to the insects that sport in the morning sunbeam. The wholesale slaughtering warfare which has been made upon them is not less horrible than our wars of race with race and nation with nation, and not less opposed to the millennial reign of peace and good-will on the earth. As long as man "murders their species" he will "betray his own"; for the spirit of murder and treachery enters into him and takes possession, and goes out anew to desolate the earth. In the new Christian civilization that is now dawning, many an Agassiz is to arise and plead the cause of those who could only plead for themselves in dumb agonies; is to reveal the nature of these tribes below us; which are the noxious and which are the harmless; which are man's allies and helpers and which are not; how death for them, as for human beings, may be deprived of its sting, and how every needless pang inflicted cries both to God and man for avenging justice. How strange that instead of admiring the exquisite divine workmanship in the wing of a bird, a man should lurk in the thicket as an assassin: instead of joining his note to her morning song, should delight only to turn it into a death-note, or quench the music of the groves in innocent blood! "New studies in Natural History"—it is to be hoped they will be introduced, not only in the colleges, but into the schools and the nurseries and Sunday-schools, until all God's innocent creatures shall have protection under Christianity as well as heathenism. For there is a quasi humanity in these dumb animals. . . . What human qualities are drawn out of them by the power of human kindness! What constancy and affection and gratitude that rebuke and shame the selfishness of man! What sympathy with the beauty and grandeur in nature, and sometimes in art even, when what is noble and good is appealed to and brought into manifestation! The horses of the circus will keep step to strains of exhilarating music with a conscious delight, till you begin to wonder which is more human, the horse or the mountebank that rides upon his back. The long cavalcade moves to martial strains, the animals quite as much as the men, with a pride and glorying in their eyes and nostrils; their necks "clothed with thunder" and their feet in rhythmic dances, as if one spirit had entered them all and moved them with one purpose and will.

"OUR DOG."—One of our agents, who has a very homely, but very smart, Skye terrier, thinks its "education is nearly complete." He says:—

"While waiting for a man to line our kitchen stove, the other morning, we got breakfast over to a neighbor's. My dog followed me, as I went in with a pan of biscuit. I put them in the oven, and went back home, but no dog followed. When I went for them, he sat by the oven door. The lady had some things inside, but was not allowed to touch them. That may be *instinct*. I call it *thought*."



[Contributed.]

**Bridges and Roadside Watering Places.**

As a general thing, we are satisfied with good bridges across brooks, creeks, etc., on the public highways, because the grading of the adjacent hills enables us to pass with our teams from one to another with more ease to the animals. But we are not satisfied with a custom that seems to have obtained pretty generally throughout the country, that of having bridges located and built in the middle of the road; and the road fences narrowed in, and joined to the wing walls of the bridge.

In addition to losing the legal width of road, the public are deprived of their right to ford the streams and water their horses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., whether singly or in droves. And we assume that there should be no right delegated to individuals, in order to save fence, or gain land, to close up the fording-road, and thus prevent the use of it, for watering our teams, droves, etc., at the stream, compelling us to go on for miles with our thirsting animals.

True, in some places, we find public watering troughs or fountains on the roadsides which are among the real improvements of the age, and we hope the number will be greatly increased.

M. R.

BRISTOL, Pa.

**Pegging Lobsters.**

I am sorry to find that the cruel and barbarous custom of pegging lobsters prevails in some places in the Isle of Wight, though I believe the Sea View fishermen do not follow it. I have spoken to several of them here, and they all condemn the practice. I was told by one of them that a lobster which has its claws tied will live for weeks, but one that is pegged will pine and die in a few days.

Last week I was at Dartmouth, where some pegged lobsters were offered to me, which I refused to buy. Soon afterwards, however, some were brought to me that had been nicked, which is done by cutting the joint of the claw,—an equally cruel operation. What can be done to put a stop to these cruelties?

If people could be persuaded not to purchase any but tied lobsters, and fishmongers to refuse to take those that are pegged from the fishermen, the custom would soon be abolished.

Pray use your influence in this matter. I am, sirs, yours, etc.,

SAMUEL GURNEY.

[We have repeatedly, but not too often, recommended our readers to carry out Mr. Gurney's advice. It is the only remedy. ED.]—*Animal World*.

We are informed that many, if not all, the lobster dealers about Boston have abandoned the practice of pegging lobsters. We shall be glad to hear from our correspondents on the subject. —ED. O. D. A.

**The Wickedest Man in the North-West.**

Ten years ago he had some difficulty in leading a young colt into an old rickety shed, and became so enraged thereat that he swore the poor animal should never come out alive. He kept his oath to the letter, and for ten years the animal was condemned to this monotonous existence, being stunted, deformed and paralyzed by the enforced inactivity. His hoofs never received the attention of a blacksmith, and had grown so long that they curled over and back so as to touch the shins. Any one of them must have been eighteen inches longer than the hoofs of horses usually are. The animal died a short time ago, and the publicity given to the case caused an investigation, which resulted in the punishment of the brutal owner.

No man is free who does not command himself. —Pythagoras.

**Morris Co. (N. J.) Society.**

Organized September, 1875. Office at Morristown.

President.—C. M. Gignoux.

Vice-Presidents.—John C. Hines, Morris; G. W. Jenkins, Boonton; Hugh Toler, Chatham; William Hillard, Chester; Jesse M. Sharp, Mt. Olive; R. T. Bowman, Mendham; William Hixon, Montville; Thomas B. McGrath, Rockaway; Columbus Beach, Randolph; William B. Lefevre, Jefferson; G. A. DeMott, Hanover; Alexander Gilland, Pequannock; W. W. Marsh, Washington; Josiah Meeker, Roxbury; Elias R. Williams, Passaic.

Executive Committee.—F. A. DeMott, Morristown; John Thatcher, Morristown; Isaac N. Beech, Rockaway; Monroe Howell, Parsippany; James Coleman, Madison; Henry D. Crane, Boonton; Enos G. Budd, Budd's Lake; Charles Hardin, Chester; M. H. Dickerson, Dover.

Secretary.—F. L. Lundy.

Treasurer.—Henry W. Miller.

Counsel.—F. A. DeMott.

**Brigden (N. J.) Society.**

[Organized Sept. 3, 1875.]

President.—B. T. Bright.

Vice-Presidents.—Thomas Hunt, Harris Ogden, Jr., Lorenzo Sharp, Joseph H. Ogden.

Secretary.—James J. Reeves.

Treasurer.—S. A. Beckhardt.

Directors.—Joseph Burt, Alphonso Woodruff, John Cheesman, Jr., D. McBride, Jacob Mengel, Charles E. Sheppard, Charles S. Fithian, E. B. Swiney.

**Need of Societies in New Jersey.**

A New Jersey paper having said there was little use for societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in that State, the Morristown "Republican" thus defends the society at that place:—

"As for the necessity of the society at all, we can best answer by giving a slight account of what work has already been done by it. A horse with broken knees that was worked constantly was kept in the stable until cured, by order of the society. Another that was unfit to work was condemned, and is not now used. A horse with a diseased shoulder was relieved from work, its owner fined \$20, and the horse given a rest from work to aid in its cure. Seven horses with galled necks have been found by members of the society, and their owners compelled to either give them rest, or else place better collars on them. For inhumanly beating a mule, a person was summoned before a justice, but the suit was withdrawn on a promise being given not to offend again. The owner of a poor, crippled mule was compelled to discontinue using it, and agreed to put it out of misery. Several persons who made their teams draw too heavy loads have been warned to discontinue the practice, and have done so, while others who neglected the warning given will be promptly brought to justice. From different parts of the county the society has already reports from their members that they are engaged in the work of relieving dumb animals from unnecessary suffering, and it is hoped that much good will result therefrom. Besides the numerous cases mentioned, an inhuman practice of treating cows has been put an end to by the society, and we think that after this recapitulation of its work for the past three weeks, none but those who are prejudiced against the society will say but that much good has been done, and that there is plenty of room for more."

A HORSE was shut up recently in a box car which contained several carboys of vitriol, and shipped from Troy to Bennington, Vt. On arriving there it was found that the horse had kicked some of the carboys to pieces, and was so burned as to be valueless.

LOVE is but another name for that inscrutable presence by which the soul is connected with humanity.—Simms.

**CASES INVESTIGATED**

BY OFFICE AGENTS IN SEPTEMBER.

Whole number of complaints, 116; viz., Overworking, 1; overloading, 4; overdriving, 2; beating, 3; driving when lame and galled, 34; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 15; driving when diseased, 3; abandoning, 1; torturing, 1; cruelty in transportation, 5; defective streets, 1; general cruelty, 46.

Remedied without prosecution, 39; not substantiated, 31; not found, 6; under investigation, 4; prosecuted, 6; convicted, 5; pending, 1; warnings issued, 30. Cases pending September 1, 2; disposed of, 2; by conviction, 2.

Animals killed, 9; temporarily taken from work, 42.

**FINES.**

Justices' Courts.—Georgetown, \$10; New Salem, \$5. District Courts.—First Bristol, \$10; Eastern Hampden, \$5. Municipal Courts.—Boston (4 cases), \$50; Highland District, \$10. Witness Fees, \$5.50.

**RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.**

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

**MEMBERS AND DONORS.**

Caroline S. Barnard, \$10; F. A. Brown, \$1; a Friend, \$4.

**SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.**

Mrs. J. H. Morris, Mrs. H. K. W. Hall, T. W. Braidwood, Joseph A. Willard, Mrs. M. M. Rankin, Mrs. Wm. A. Robinson, Estelle McAllister, V. M. Dow, Francis H. Turner, M. Peet, J. W. Woods, Daniel F. Fitz, Francis E. Howard, Ephraim Merriam, Mrs. Thomas Adams, F. K. Simonds, \$3; L. L. Curtiss, \$2; Maria Murdock, \$5.

ENGLISH MAGAZINE.—E. E. Thorndike, 55 cents.

**Complimentary Notice.**

The work in which the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is engaged has been conducted so quietly, and with such a notable absence of what in other cities has frequently appeared as unreasonable meddlesomeness, that its extent and importance are perhaps less generally understood than they should be. The July issue of "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" gives statistics, chiefly relating to the criminal department of its labors, which show the industry and the scope of its management. The records of the society give the number of complaints investigated during the last eighteen months as 4,862, which covers only a portion, since many cases occurring in the country districts are not reported. Of these, 396 were brought into court and prosecuted, conviction following in 334 cases, and there are now 31 cases pending. This is the unpleasant part of the record, implying an amount of criminal cruelty to animals in our community of which it is disagreeable to think. But in prevention as well as in punishment the society has been doing a good work. In the same period its agents have killed 866 suffering animals, and have taken 1,033 from work until restored to health, while the business of investigation, advice and the dissemination of a knowledge of humane inventions and practices has had a wide scope throughout the State. Not the least admirable phase of the influence exerted by this society is the education of the public to a kindly consideration of the dumb animals, and in this its efforts are finding gratifying success.—*Boston Post*.

**Bird's Nest on a Steamer.**

A swallow has built its nest on one of the life-preservers placed under the cabin roof in the forward part of the steamer "Senator," on the Pacific coast, and there the feathered mistress chirps gayly while the boat is passing up and down the river, unless she should take a notion to try her wings for a little exercise. While she was hatching her eggs she remained in her nest almost steadily, but since she has a young brood to feed she is away quite often searching for their daily bread to furnish them. She follows the boat up and down the river, and if two or three steamers should happen to be in the river together, and she should be temporally absent on a foraging expedition, she will always select that which contains her home and family. She is quite a pet with the crew of the boat.—*Portland (Oregon) Bulletin*.

## Children's Department.

*The Pewit.*

The pewit, lapwing, or plover is a very interesting bird. The upper part of the body is of a rich green color, with metallic reflections, the sides of the neck and base of the tail of a pure white; the tail is black; so is the top of the head, which is furnished with a long, pointed crest, lying backwards, but which can be raised at pleasure. In length, the bird is about a foot.

It is a particularly lively and active bird, sporting in the air with its fellows, now whirling round and round, and now ascending to a great height, on untiring wing; then down again, running along the ground, and leaping about from spot to spot as if for very amusement.

It is, however, a very untidy nest-maker; in fact, it makes no better nest than a few dry bents scraped together in a shallow hole, like a rude saucer or dish, in which she can lay her eggs, always four in number.

But, though taking so little trouble about her nest, she is always careful to lay the narrow ends of her eggs in the centre, as is shown in the picture, though as yet there are but three.

These eggs, under the name of plovers' eggs, are in great request as luxuries for the breakfast-table, and it may be thought that, laid thus openly on the bare earth, they are very easily found. It is not so, however, for they look so much like the ground itself that it is difficult to distinguish them.

The little quartette brood, which are covered with down when hatched, begin to run almost as soon as they leave the shell, and then the poor mother-bird has to exercise all her little arts; and indeed the care and solicitude of both parents are wonderful. Suppose, now, the little helpless group is out running here and there, as merry as life can make them, and a man, a boy or a dog, or perhaps all three, are seen approaching. At once the little birds squat close to the earth, so that they become almost invisible, and the parent birds are on the alert, whirling round and round the disturber, angry and troubled, crying their doleful *pe-wit* cry, drawing them ever farther and farther away from the brood. Should, however, the artifice not succeed, and the terrible intruder still obstinately advance in the direction of the young, they try a new artifice,—drop to the

## PEWITS AND NEST.



ground, and running along in the opposite course, pretend lameness, tumbling feebly along in the most artful manner, thus apparently offering the easiest and most tempting prey, till, having safely lured away the enemy, they rise at once into the air, screaming again their *pe-wit*, but now as if laughing over their accomplished scheme.—From *"Birds and their Nests."*

*Frightened Birds.*

"Hush! hush!" said the little brown thrush,  
To her mate on the nest in the elder-bush;  
"Keep still! don't open your bill!  
There's a boy coming bird-nesting over the hill.  
Let go your wings out, so  
That not an egg nor the nest shall show.  
Chee! chee! it seems to me  
I'm as frightened as ever a bird can be!"  
Then still, with a quivering bill,  
They watched the boy out of sight o'er the hill.  
Ah, then in the branches again,  
Their glad song rang over vale and glen.  
Oh! oh! if that boy could know  
How glad they were when they saw him go,  
Say, say, do you think next day  
He could possibly steal those eggs away?

*"I'm Only a Fly."*

"Dear little lady, do not brush me off again, but listen, and I will tell you something you never heard before."

"What can you have to tell, who go buzzing about, walking up and down one's nose, and bothering one so he gets cross? Where did you come from, and where do you go in winter?"

"Ah, little lady, you ask many questions in a breath, but I can answer them all. Small as I am, and troublesome as you think me, I have my use, or I would not have been made. I am of the family called horse-fly. Once on a time I had no legs, and was called a maggot, and when in that state I fed on manure and the refuse of your table, and ate up what would have been disagreeable to you if it had not thus been got rid of. When, as a maggot, I had grown to full size, a sort of hard skin covered me all over, and I lay as if dead for a time. By and by, the skin burst, and I came out a perfect fly, having two wings and six legs with which to start on my travels. My head, if you look at it, has many curious parts in it. In front are the *antennae*, as they are called—two little horns, useful in many ways. If you would catch me and look at me through a magnifying glass, you would see a trunk or proboscis, which is quite wonderful, and has great strength. I have no jaws to bite with, so when I find a nice lump of sugar, I moisten it a little and then suck it, and that I enjoy as much as some one else I know. I do not need to wear spectacles, for my eyes are large, and are made up of about four thousand tiny pieces. To be sure, I walk, as you say, 'topsy-turvy,' but that is easily done, for I have pads on my legs which cling like the suckers that boys

play with. I live through the winter by hiding in some warm corner; but many of my family do not provide for the future, and are overcome by the first frost."

"Mr. Fly, with your wonderful eyes you should see where you are not wanted, and not wake up the baby by walking over her dear little face. If you are so useful, why do you go idling about, for you know idlers are sure to get into mischief?"—*Young Catholic.*

We do not see how a fly can be called "idle." It is their very industry which makes them annoying. Even men, women and children are sometimes annoying, by "buzzing around" where they are unwelcome. Flies do so because "'tis their nature to."—Ed.

A GOOD conscience is to the mind what health is to the body.

A LITTLE wrong done to another is a great injury done to ourselves.

Two wrongs never make a right.



## [CIRCULAR.]

## Boys' Societies in Philadelphia.

Certain members of the Woman's Branch of the S. P. C. A., believing that cruelty will be most effectually prevented by training the young in habits of kindness, have attempted the formation of societies for the protection of animals in boys' public grammar schools. They have been deeply gratified at finding the movement, so far, attended with success; its correspondence with a kindred effort proposed by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in England, gives them added confidence in the value and importance of the plan.

The first step taken towards the establishment of a Juvenile Society, was to gain the sanction of the principal of the school; the second was to address some director in the section to which that school belonged, and through him to present a communication to the board of directors, stating exactly the object of these societies, the privileges asked and advantages offered, naming the ladies engaged in founding them, and asking leave for these ladies to visit the school for that purpose, adding, also, the assurance that the society (once established) would be capable of maintaining itself with very few visits from the ladies.

The latter clause was added to the communication because it was known that both directors and teachers deprecate frequent visits to the schools, even for the best purposes, and they would far more readily admit these societies on ascertaining that the meetings would form part of the routine of school, and would not be subject to supervision from without. The manner in which the ladies engaged in founding the societies maintained their relation to them, has been by inviting the boy-officers (a little party of from four to eight boys) on certain evenings, for the purpose of reading and talking with them, conveying to them information in regard to the structure and the nature of animals, their proper care and treatment, and awakening an interest in the subject of kindness toward them, which, by means of these boy-officers, might be diffused through the whole society.

On the day appointed for the visit to the school, the boys were addressed by one of the ladies, in regard to *protecting, not animals only, but everything* that could be aided by their protection and care. They were taught that kindness must go hand in hand with reverence, and that for carrying out both in action, moral courage is essential, and that the motto, of the S. P. A. must be "Reverence, Kindness Courage."

After addressing the boys, a small German-silver badge, a horse's head, bearing the letters S. P. A., was presented to each who desired to join the society.

A banner was also presented to the society collectively, having the emblem, a horse's head, with the letters S. P. A. on one side, and on the other, the initial letters of the name of that special society or branch; each branch-society being named from the color of its banner and the insignia of its officers: the "Blue Banner Boys," the "Rose Banner Boys," the "Cherry Banner Boys." Bound volumes of the "Animal World" and of "Our Dumb Animals" were also given to the Society, and \$5 for the treasury, to enable the boys to subscribe to the newspapers published in the cause of Protection to Animals.

A form of constitution was then suggested, and an outline furnished, to be filled up by the principal according to his pleasure; the only points stipulated being that the meetings shall take place in the schools, and that the principal should be the presiding officer. There were boy-officers, chosen either by election or appointed by the principal, these being a vice-president, recording and corresponding secretaries, treasurer, and one or two managers from each division of the school, the principal officers being chosen from the senior class. The business of meetings is the reading aloud by members, or reciting or narrating articles and anecdotes in regard to kindness to animals, their general treatment, training and management, with such added instruction as the principal may furnish. In the course of half an hour several selected articles may be read, much interest awakened, and a great deal of useful information gained. In schools where instruction in drill has been given, the meeting is sometimes closed by a march played on the piano by one of the boys, to which the rest march with certain evolutions, leaving the meeting and the school-room in excellent order.

One of these meetings presents a scene of manly dignity and boyish pleasure blended, that is deeply interesting to witness; and it is believed that other lessons may be gained through the means of these Juvenile Societies, beside the great lesson of kindness to all inferior creatures, and other benefits, beside that of instruction in regard to the treatment of animals, of which these boys will soon have the care, or of union during their boyhood in behalf of a good and kindly cause.

The expense of furnishing each of these Juvenile Societies with books, badges and banner, is \$15; where instruction in drill is added, \$15 more are required. Four societies have been founded during the past year, including more than 800 boys, the means having been provided by special donations. Many grammar schools are still without the societies, and contributions from any friends of this branch of public education will be gratefully received by the ladies engaged in forming them, Mrs. Charles Willing, 916 Spruce Street, Mrs. Robert Harford Hare, 2031 De Lancey Place.

PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1875.

## A Blind Singer.

In covert of a leafy perch,  
Where woodbine clings  
And roses drop their crimson leaves,  
He sits and sings;  
With soft brown crest erect to hear,  
And drooping wings.

Shut in a narrow cage, which bars  
His eager flight,  
Shut in the darker prison-house  
Of blinded sight,  
Alike to him are sun and stars,  
The day, the night.

But all the fervor of high noon,  
Hushed, fragrant, strong,  
And all the peace of moonlit nights,  
When nights are long,  
And all the bliss of summer eves  
Breathe in his song.

The rustle of the fresh green woods,  
The hum of bee,  
The joy of flight, the perfumed waft  
Of blossoming tree,  
The half-forgotten, rapturous thrill  
Of liberty—

All blend and mix, while evermore,  
Now and again,  
A plaintive, puzzled cadence comes,  
A low refrain  
Caught from some shadowy memory  
Of patient pain.

In midnight black, when all men sleep,  
My singer wakes,  
And pipes his lovely melodies  
And trills and shakes;  
The dark sky bends to listen, but  
No answer makes.

Oh! what is joy? In vain we grasp  
Her purple wings;  
Unwon, unwooed, she flits to dwell  
With humble things;  
She shares my sightless singer's cage,  
And so—he sings.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE, in the "Independent."

## Animal Affection Inherited.

I have reared a fine mastiff. He is now three and a half years old. While he was a puppy he and a kitten evinced a strong liking for each other. The kitten, when able to leave her mother, fixed her residence in the dog's kennel, and never seemed happy when away from her large friend. She ate her breakfast out of the dog's bowl, and slept in his kennel with his paws around her. She used to catch mice and young rats, and carry them to him, and seemed pleased when he accepted friendship's offering. In time she had five kittens, and made the kennel her nursery, and Cato (the dog) her head nurse. The mother frequently went away for hours, leaving the dog to look after her family. I many times stooped down to examine them, and Cato stood by my side very proud of his charge. The poor cat came to an untimely end soon after. Her only surviving kitten is as fond of the dog as her mother was. She brings mice, young rats, and rabbits, and lays them down before Cato, and looks beseechingly till he takes them. She constantly plays with him and gets on her hind-legs to look fondly into his face, while he puts his paws around her as he used to do to her mother. She must have inherited this affection from her mother, as she was too young to have imitated her mother's actions at the time of her death.—*Cor. London Naturalist.*

ALEXANDER loved his horse Bucephalus; Numa a lap-dog; Augustus a parrot; Caligula a horse; Virgil a butterfly; Nero a starling; Commodus an ape; Heliogabalus a sparrow; Honorius a chicken.

## Stable and Farm.

## Don't Cut the Horse's Frog.

We have wondered our "Society for the Protection of Dumb Animals" has not before this sent out a proclamation, ordering every owner of a horse to look to the horse's frog.

What would be thought of those parents who have the care of children, if, when they began to purchase shoes for their little ones, they should begin and *pare away the thick flesh from the heel of the foot?* and then say, "This needs cutting off; it is too thick and ungainly, and we wish to make it smooth and even, and *cut it down* level with the rest of the foot."

If nature gave to humans a thick cartilage of forty or a hundred thicknesses upon the heel of the foot, was it not to receive the first solid pressure of the foot, and by this means save the whole foot and limb, and its cords and tissues, from such a severe jar as is felt when one steps heavily upon the fore part of the foot alone?

Reason, common-sense and nature all teach us that the heel of man's foot and the frog of the horse's foot are wisely ordained to receive the first and heavy pressure of the tread, and any act that mars nature's plans must necessarily injure man or horse.—*California Farmer.*

[Contributed.]

## Sheep do Drink.

The old-time idea, that "sheep do not need drink," is being exploded. It is admitted to have been a great error. Sheep and goats *do drink, copiously*, at times, when they can get it. And, unlike human beings, these, and other animals, are scarcely ever known to drink what and when they do not need, nor more of it. We are guilty of great cruelty, if we put sheep, etc., in an inclosure and prevent them from having access to pure water.

M. R.

## Arab Horse Maxims.

Whoso raiseth and traineth a horse for the Lord is counted in the number of those who give alms day and night, in private as well as public. He will find his reward. All his sins will be forgiven him, and never will any fear come over him and dishonor his heart.

Let your colt be domesticated and live with you from his tenderest age, and when a horse he will be simple, docile, faithful and inured to hardship and fatigue.

If you have your horse to serve you on the day of trial, if you desire him to be a horse of truth, make him sober, accustomed to hard work and inaccessible to fear.

Do not beat your horses, nor speak to them in a loud tone of voice; do not be angry with them, but kindly reprove their faults: they will do better thereafter, for they understand the language of man and its meaning.

If you have a long day's journey before you, spare your horse at the start; let him frequently walk to recover his wind. Continue this until he has sweated and dried three times, and you may ask him whatever you please, he will not leave you in difficulty.

Use your horse as you do your leathern bottle; if you open it gently and gradually you can easily control the water within, but if you open it suddenly the water escapes at once, and nothing remains to quench your thirst.

Observe your horse when he is drinking at a brook. If in bringing down his head he remains square, without bending his limbs, he possesses sterling qualities and all parts of his body are built symmetrically.

Four things he must have broad—front, chest, loins and limbs; four things long—neck, breast, fore-arm and croup; four things short—pasterns, back, ears and tail.

QUARRELS would not last long if the fault was only on one side.

*Lamm's Fireless Engine.*

An attested certificate from the office of the New Orleans and Carrollton Railroad Company has been sent us, showing that the cars described below have been running for the last two years, between Carrollton and Napoleon Avenue, New Orleans. The locomotives are charged with hot water at each end of the route, which furnishes the power. It is represented that they are managed with the greatest ease by our common horse drivers, and run faster than a mule or horse, resulting in a gain of about twenty minutes each round trip.

"The great safety of this system is undoubted, for the pressure in the insulated reservoir diminishes at every stroke of the piston of the engines. These dummies are generally charged at a pressure of 125 pounds at Carrollton, and they make the round trip to Napoleon Avenue and back (about six miles) with 40 or 50 pounds, hence arriving at Carrollton with still 85 to 75 pounds pressure; it then takes about two minutes after the connection is made with the stationary boilers to raise the pressure back to 125 pounds.

"They run easier, and the starting and stopping is made without the least jerk, on account of the power being applied directly to the axles of the wheels. Their simplicity is such that (with the ordinary break), to stop or start the car, it is only necessary to turn a valve at the hand of the driver, who is more at liberty also to make change and attend to the passengers.

"The economy of this system is undoubted, if you compare the consumption of coal with that of corn, oats and hay, and also the durability of boilers and engines to mules and horses, which are so much exposed to lameness and sickness.

"The running of these dummies has shown that ten of them will perform the work of fifteen cars, or of about ninety mules (the usual average being six mules per car), and it is calculated that these dummies will last twelve years.

10 dummies will cost	\$12,000
Wear and tear on 10 dummies in 20 years, at \$100 per annum each	20,000
Coal used, calculating 23 barrels per day, at 60 cents per barrel	100,740
	\$132,740
They are equal to 90 mules, costing	\$18,000
Wear and tear on 90 mules, at 20 per cent., in 20 years	72,000
Feed and care of 90 mules, at 50 cents per head per day, in 20 years	329,500
Five cars less, employing 8 drivers at \$55 per month, in 20 years	105,600
	\$525,100
Deduct	132,740
Economy on 15 cars in 20 years	\$392,360

"Calculating a company running 150 cars, the economy in 20 years would be \$3,923,600.

"No amount has been allowed for the stationary boilers (two double sets, at about \$4,500 each set) and the shed, as it is supposed that the large and expensive stables required for ninety animals would cost more than this item.

"In the foregoing statement nothing is said of the necessary expenses resulting from the employ of hostlers, feeders, harnessers, shoers, etc., required for the old system, which are calculated about equal to the wages of engineers and aids at the station; nor is any mention made of the repairs of the tramway (not used in the new system), which should be put down at about \$6,000 per annum (\$1,000 per mile) for a line of 25 cars.

"The additional taxes, insurance, etc., in the old system would swell still more its annual expenses, and should not be overlooked."

We find in an exchange an article bearing on the same subject, which may interest the general reader:—

"A German engineer writes in favor of the practicability of applying the principle of the fire-

less locomotive to coaches, cabs and private vehicles. By calculation he finds that a tank one and a half feet in diameter and nine inches in length, jacketed by a non-conductor of heat, would be sufficient to propel an ordinary vehicle, containing two persons, on an ordinary macadamized or wooden pavement, at a speed equal to that attained by ordinary cabs. In large cities like London, Paris and New York, large charging boilers could be kept at each cabstand, where, at a minute's notice, a charge of hot water could be obtained at a moderate expense, which would propel the vehicle say seven miles. In this way he thinks that horses could be entirely done away with, and travelling would be cheaper, more convenient, and less dangerous. Thus a man who now keeps a horse and buggy, or carriage, could at less expense provide himself with a small vehicle furnished with a fireless engine, and keep it at the boiler stand in his street; if he wants to drive, the boiler can be charged in one minute. If this system were adopted generally, he admits it would be necessary to lay narrow-gauge tracks along each street, connecting with the cross streets by short curves."

*The Bearing-Rein.*

Under the heading of "The Horse, His Comfort, Discomfort and Torture," a writer in "Frank Leslie's Newspaper" treats of the use of the bearing-rein and the torture it inflicts upon one of the noblest of brute creatures. In three spirited engravings the various phases of bearing indicated in the title are illustrated. The simplest kind of bearing-rein is attached to the ring of the driving-bit at one end, passes through a loop on the upper part of the bridle, and is caught by a hook on the pad. As the pad is held in place by the crupper, the horse's head and tail are, to all intents, tied together—how tightly, depends upon the disposition of the groom. In this case there is an application of the mechanical principle of the single pulley, where a pound of power will balance a pound of weight.

There is, however, a still worse instrument of torture in the "Bedouin," or "gag" bearing-rein, where one pound of power controls two pounds of weight, and the groom has increased facilities for making his victim miserable. This works upon the principle of the double pulley, the rein being fastened at one end at the top of the bridle, running through a swivel attached to a separate bearing-rein bit (which has nothing to do with the driving bit) whence it passes through the drop ring and finds its way to the hook on the pad. The pad is held in place, as in the former case, by the crupper. Thus, every muscle of the animal is fettered, and every movement excites pain. Pain, in its turn, produces restiveness and violence, and the "vicious beast," as he is falsely described, is beaten and bruised, and sometimes maimed for life, in the effort of his ignorant trainer to reduce him to subjection.—*Exchange.*

*A Friendly Horse.*

A few days since, as we were leaving our residence, on our usual morning visit to the office, a sorrel horse belonging to us galloped up and caught our arm, and made an attempt to pull us in the direction he wished to go. He then left, and went off at a quick gait toward a pasture on a farm about a quarter of a mile distant from our residence. In a few minutes he approached us again, making an unusual noise, and seemed by his actions to desire us to follow him. This we did; and when we reached the pasture, we observed the mate of the horse entangled in a bridge, which had broken through with him. After we had extricated his companion from his dangerous position, the horse which had given us notice of his companion's danger, came up and rubbed his head against us, showing great signs of satisfaction.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burden cheerfully.

*A Substitute for the Velocipede.*

A few years ago, when the velocipede fever was at its height, it was supposed by many that the "bycycle" would come into general use as a means of locomotion in competition with horses, but experience proved that its propulsion required the expenditure of too much muscular power, and, in a short time, it ceased to be used even for purposes of exercise and recreation. A gentleman of this city, in considering the cause of the rejection of the velocipede as a means of locomotion, conceived the idea of constructing one which would overcome the great objection to the bycycle, and has succeeded in perfecting a velocipede which may be propelled with very little exertion. In fact, the weight of the operator or rider furnishes to a great extent the motive-power of the machine.

The rider sits upon a wooden figure shaped like a swan, to the breast of which is fastened one end of a powerful spring of band-steel. The other end is connected with a crank on the axle on which the two rear wheels revolve, the front wheel being used for guiding. In the neck of the swan are two handles to be grasped by the rider. The saddle or seat rests upon pivots in the sides of the swan, so that the rider may avoid the oscillations when the machine is in motion. Mounting the saddle the rider leans forward, and his weight presses the spring backward, acting as a leverage on the crank. One revolution of the crank releases the spring and raises the breast of the swan, only to be immediately brought back again, reproducing the motion of the crank and propelling the machine with increasing momentum.

The inventor hopes to be able in a short time to construct a full size machine and exhibit it to the public. If his expectations are then realized, it will be safe to predict a great demand for the "Pohleon," as he calls it, for use on common roads or street railroads. The machine can be mounted on three or four wheels, will move backward or forward, and will ascend hills as well as run on a level.—*Richmond Whig.*

*He Knew the Whistle.*

While strolling in the vicinity of the Grand Junction wharf, we noticed that when the steamer Alexandra, which was rapidly approaching the town, blew her whistle, a large, rough terrier, which was on the street, began to give short, sharp, joyous barks, and to prance around as if he was highly pleased with something. One of the neighbors informed us that the dog is owned by Mr. Fary, mate of the Alexandra, and that the animal was preparing to meet his master. Other boats might come and go and whistle as they pleased, but at whatever hour his master's boat arrived, the animal always recognized the sound of the whistle, and ran to the dock to greet the owner. We watched the dog, and found that he went direct to Campbell & Co's dock, boarded the steamer as soon as she touched the wharf, and met Mr. Fary with noisy demonstrations of delight.—*Belleville (Ont.) Intelligence.*

*Beautiful Lives.*

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministries to and fro,—  
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care  
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.



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